

**Poor Little Dirt Bag  
Thing Along The Road  
© 2015, Don Poss**

**Poor Little Dirt Bag, body squashed to  
mush, flat as an empty sandbag, nothing  
left to crush.**

**Didn't'cha know it's dangerous, biking on a  
military road? Just look where it got you—  
squashed like a tank-tracked toad.**

**No one takes him home...  
Nor sifts him from the dust, indifferently  
they step over, today's road-kill disgust.**

**Some glance away...  
Some appraise his small sandal ...  
too bad one's so mangled.**

**Someone clapped a prayer for you, then  
rode off on your bike, he didn't get the  
memo'bout riding on the right.**

**Another truck runs over him, not even a  
little thump, high-balling with a load of  
bombs, heading for the ammo dump.**

**Poor little dirt-bags...  
No one thinks to bury you,  
bio-degradables as you are...  
In a few more days you'll blend right in,  
just another roadside mar.**